Thy father beares the type of king of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sisiles* and *Ierusalem*,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verified:
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots thy share thereof is small.
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide?
Hovv couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorceleſſe.
Bids thou me rage? why novv thou hast thy vvill.
Wouldst haue me weepe? vvhy so thou hast thy vvill.
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet *Rutlands* obsequies,
And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the false French woman.

North. Beshrevv me but his passions moue me so,
As hardlie can I checke mine eies from teares.

York.

York. That face of his the hungrie Cannibals
Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with bloud
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.
See ruthlesse *Queene* a hapleſſe fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,
And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.
Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the heauie storie well,
Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,
And saie, alas, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy tvvo cruell hands.
Hard-harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.

North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.

Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lorde *Northumberland?*
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quicklie drie your melting teares.

Clif. Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.

Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.

York. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.

Queene. Off with his head and set it on *Yorke* Gates,
So *Yorke* maie ouerlooke the towne of *Yorke*.

Exeunt omnes.